THE MAN WHO WAS TIRED OF HIS WIFE

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE Copyright Buttertek Co.

BE sure, none of the women exerted themselves to make things usent for her; they did find, however, at she was a convenient person to w. Especially on maids' days out. Wargery never minded how many pers dropped in to impromptu Thurssuppers. Nor how many unruly tiddies flocked to her back yard. She en let visiting mothers-in-law be

A sparkling June melted into a land July. Bertha, who was always her worst in hot weather, began fret. Margery's irrepressible vigor was an insult; the pace that intriguing oung person set had become a galling Yet there was never a word Margery to suggest that Bertha must do anything that Bertha didn't t to do. Things might have gone g this way for the rest of the mer if Charles hadn't stupidly taken o quoting Margery and boasting about Margery very much, as though she were a precocious kiddle and he were her That was the straw that roke the camel back of Bertha's pride. ost his new-found serenity of spirit and mid things so harsh that Bertha dis-

safed in answer to Charles' conven-

evening. Charles pleaded business. under the doctor's urging he agreed o for a week-end and leave Bertha with the Rawsons for August.

Margery was all sympathy; she drop-

about packing. she burst out in her "Look here. "I wish you wouldn't impetuous way. go away feeling this way about me! I told you long ago ahat I'm not the bad lot you keep thinking me! Truly, I'm not, But you do make me want to shake you, you dear silly! You're such a bungler! I'm going to see this through. first of September-

ing you any longer—if you weren't in ing you any longer—if you weren't in ing you any longer—if you weren't in thinking passionately, "that just bethinking passionately, "that just because I was born a few years too cause I was born a few years too my own house! I suppose you'll get him in the end; you're already winding him around your little finger. I supyou! But I tell you right now, I'll take every cent of alimony I can get!"

Margery's tones were very gentle. "And put on a soft gray dress with a frilly

ways hated his old Aunt Debs! Go chivalrous he'd have away!"
Margery went. She went with her

old prince who feels like a party!" They dined She came to him unwillingly. Her house porch. we iness took his breath away.

"Weren't we third-acty last night?" The blithe good humor of her made his heart sing with joy. "It must have been

Times when if you'd give me a de-"Times when if you'd give me a de-eent handlenp. I might win nine holes Wednesday nights?" he asked sudshe interrupted gayis. "I'll take denly you on this morning or, if you're in a "B

anything you say-He agreed very humbly. "h-how did you leave Bertha?"

"Oh, fine!" he answered perfunc-

porch, they had been dining on her impatient. "Don't see why she didn't tell us "Thank you kindly, sir." she said, where she was going,"

She moved behind his chair. He re- querulously. membered afterward that that was the

"You'd be singularly unappreciative ff you didn't," she murmured with queint conceit, "for I don't suppose any woman in the world was ever nicer to a man than I've been to you this bleased summer. I'm altogether vain of how I've done it. I've paid with interest, excessive interest. It's a wonder the police don't arrest you for accepting such an exorbitant rate." She cluded him lightly as he sprang from him to be singularly unappreciative hungry. Let's cook something." "Can't. I have to finish packing." "Packing what?" His dismay was absurd. "You're not going anywhere?" fout of the everywhere into the here of that slushy old baby-dear-pome. I'm going out of the here into the everywhere, old dear. Back on my job. This is enough vacation to last a poor work-ing girl for a lifetime." You'd be singularly unappreciative eluded him lightly as he sprang his chair. "Don't spoil it!" her from his chair.

voice again had the dreamy sweetness of that spring day when she had said she was afraid to blow his whistle. "I do like you when you're dignified. Charles. When you aren't you remind me of a big Newfoundland puppy with But, anyhow, you always think of at him. "I can do whatever I please.

"But, anyhow, you always think of at him. "I can do whatever I me as a dog." He was bitter.

And the next thing I please to And the next thing I will be as a dog." "And think how dearly I love and dare say that sometimes I seem

mering phrases. "You sometimes worry for fear you like me more than you should, but you can't make yourself sorry about it." She put her hands "Don't you worry. I'll take whatever I think is coming to me." His tones were menacing.

Comina Another fascinating love story By Ruby M. Ayres

omething of a modern Cinderella was Sally. Her family wanted a son so her very birth was a disappointment. So also through her girlhood-she was always

The One Unwanted

Ruby Ayres, writer of fascinating love stories, relates Sally's trials and final happy romance in a new serial, beginning

On This Page Wednesday

on his shoulders and smiled serenely. Want to know what it is, this feeling It's peace. ou have for me? His hands sought hers and gripped

"But don't get sentimental about "And, remember. five quarreled so bitterly one humid there's only one woman in a lifetime that quarreled so bitterly one humid that a man feels this way about. It's sight over a seeming trifle that Charles that a man feels this way about. It's usually his mother or his sister; once in a great while it's his wife. In this olved in bysterics.

"Bit run down," Dr. Haswell vouch"Bit run down," Dr. Haswell vouchafed in answer to Charles' convenafed in answer to Charles' convensafed in answer to Charles' conven-tional question when the doctor came down to the porch after giving Bertha a mild opiate. 'Deuced hot even for this time of year. Do her good to get not stolen cream, y'understand, but change of air. Sullen, still annoyed by his irritat- for me_____. You abourd child. he scolded her. cream that kind Providence poured out

"Do you know you have a very bachabit of comparing folks to animals " "It's flattery when I do," she as-sured him, "I told you long ago that in on the morning they were leaving I have heaps and heaps of respect for hear Bertha's fretful grumbling animals. The dears are so honest that I diagnose over them by the hour.

Margery was in a softened mood out sailing one day. Charles was his nicest self. Bronzed, a good twenty pounds lighter than he had been when she first builed him in the spring, he smiled lazily up at her. And when he smiled like that she forgot everything in the world account the forgot that they bungler! I'm going to see this through, though, and when you come back, say though, and when you come back, say about the last week in August or the adoration for him always came back first of September——"

"How dare you tell me what to do!"
Bertha's long-silent anger broke. "Oh. how I hate you! If I weren't sick, so tired and sick that I can't keep fighting you any longer—if you weren't in my own house! I suppose you'll get thinking it is not fair." she found herself

cause I was born a few years too late he didn't recognize me, that he pose I'll spend the rest of my life hating didn't know enough to wait for me-That if I write you or telegraph ing around with me! He'd never have gotyou'd come back, wouldn't you?"
gery's tones were your good. "That if I write you or telegraph in, you'd come back, wouldn't you?" argery's tones were very gentle. "And it on a soft gray dress with a frilly it on a soft gray dress with a frilly the and do your hair high like Aunt class? I've brought you a comb like anty Debs' old silver filigree back omb. It would be just sweet in your air."

"Go away, I hate you! And I always hated his old Aunt Debs! Go chivalrous he'd have been! The calways hated his old Aunt Debs! Go endar simply wasn't fair to him-or

The sail flapped idly in the calm. Over the week-end she golfed and It was so still that they could swam and played tennis every minute, almost hear the faint click of the knitshe was feverishly active; she was ting needles and the throaty breathshe was feverishly active; she was ting needles and the throaty breath-really wniting, bright-eyed and alert, ing of their chaperon, who had for Charles' return. He had planned on slipped into bromidic dreams. Charles coming back Tuesday. But Monday reached out his hand and imprisoned might (after a heetle Sunday with an angery's. She did not open her eyes, she let her flugers rest in his for a time. bag in hend, hurrying up Margery's but when she pulled them away math like a boy. He whistled the call she smiled and gently shook her he had taught her years before. had taught her years before. head. Of all the memories that Charles 'Lo. Cinderella!' he called softly kept of her the tranquillity of that mounder her windows. 'Come on down, ment was the one that always remained pregnant with inexpressible longings. There's a prince hanging around; an They dined together on the club-They dined together on the club-house porch. Margery was gay and sparkling. She teased Charles unmer-cifully. They lived through a stupid "You darling!" he whispered.
"You goose!" she retorted.
"But you are a darling——" he caught her in his arms. She beat her that their summer had left in their caught her in his arms. She beat her fists against him. "You beast! She bared her teeth at him. "You beast, you're spoiling everything—"

She fled, leaving him amazed, angrier at her—and at himself—than he had ever been before in his life.

Her usual sunny self, she phoned him in the morning.

The there is summer and left in their mouths, She always ran true to form, muths, She always ran true to form, and that particular evening she had cackled much about "When the cat's away the mice will play." Joined by the scorn they had in common for her, they both of them solemnly ejaculated. "Oh. damn!" in chorus as they shook the dust of her pathway from their feet. It was so funny and unexpected. feet. It was so funny and unexpected their saying it aloud and together, that they laughed immoderately as they strolled homeward in the cool starlight.

"Sorry I was such a cad—" his rueful voice told the story of his sleep-less night. "I don't suppose you'll understand, but there're times when less than the voice told the story of his sleep-less night. His arm slipped across her shoulders in exactly the same friendly way it had when she was a little girl and they had prowled sleepily homeward from the village band concert. village band concert.
"Remember how Aunt Debs used to

"Before we started," she answered. hurry to get to town, I'll wait till demurely removing his nrm. 'I told the afternoon. Bet you a ball, a hole or Model Maid her wages would be docked if she didn't leave at least a pint and a half of pineapple sherbet on the cellar

le agreed very humbly.

'And,' she stammered just a bit. stairs landing.'

'You treasure!' he exclaimed.

'You treasure!' he exclaimed. don't know what your poor old Charley boy would do without Miss Imp."
"Be sure to save some for old Miss

That was the next to the last time that they ever spoke to each other about Bertha.

There followed wonderful days for Charles. Days in which he lived as in a happy dream. Days in which he fairly basked in the sunny sweetness of Marbassed in the sunny sunty sweetness of Marbassed in the sunny sunty sweetness of Marbassed in the sunny sunty sweetness of

"Just where I pleased," she answered might she gave him her only carcss. She pulled his head back against her arms and let her fingers smooth his unruly stair.

She said nothing more until the last appetizing spoonful had disappeared.

"Got anything more to eat?" he asked boyishly. "That stuff makes me post-

ing girl for a lifetime.

He was terrifyingly tall as he stood heside her. He caught her to him so swiftly that she had no time to dodge.

You can't go! Her strength surprised him. She was out of his arms and through the door-way before he could comprehend how

to give you your medicine. Want to take it standing or will you sit down?" He was trembling with rage. He spoke thickly.

By Sidney Smith THE GUMPS—Soft Pedal, Chester, Please ANDY- HERE'S A TURKEY YOU I SAVED YOU A 'CAUSE MARRIED ? EVERYWHERE I GO LIVER I COOKED FOR YOU -PIECE OF THAT LEMON HO - 1 MO TAH AND I SAVED IT ALL FOR YOU -AND SIT DOWN TO WHAT'S CREAM PIE FROM EARTH DO WISH I THE MATTER FRIED IT JUST THE EAT THEY YESTERDAY TOO-THAW USY CHESTER? WAS ALWAYS SAVE TO BE WAY YOU LIKE IT-I KNOW YOU MARRIED THE BEST MARRIED -LOVE IT SO-FOR? FOR PATHER

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Good Morning, Have You Had Your Vitamines? By Hayward Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company YOU STAY OVER GOOD MORNING I KIN RASTLE THIS WHAT DO I MEAN? YOU KNOW I DROPPED A WE ATE OUR BOSS, WHAT'S THE MESELF, CAM; YOU HERE, BOSS, YOU WHAT I MEAN - DON'T GET LETTER UNDER VITY-MINES MIGHT GET HURT MATTER ? KEEP THE BOSS FUNNY ! YOU SEND TWO THIS DESK, AND THIS MORNING POUNDS OF THE BEST VITY-MAN'S OUT OF THE WAY! I CAN'T BUDGE UP TO MY HOME TODAY SURE WE DID : [OR WE WON'T BUY OUR MEATS IT AM INCH! FROM YOU IN THE FUTURE! E A E HAYWARD - 28



The young ledy across the way says if she ever gets married she's going to insist on having a regular church wedding and she wouldn't feel that she was married at all if she merely went around to a justice of the peace and became a common law wife.





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